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## Notice.

Our subscribers must excuse the late publication of the present number. A fount of new musical type, purchased for the "Musical World," has reached us a week later than expected. We are therefore compelled, much against our will, to appear without our usual musical accompaniment. To make up for this deficiency, No. 16 of the "Musical World," on Saturday, April 18, will contain SIXTEEN PAGES of letter-press, and an original *German Romance*, by the celebrated composer MEYERBEER.

## The Beethoven Quartet Society.

THE intelligent director of the "Queen's Square Select Society" has reason to be proud of his work. That the Beethoven Quartet meetings owe their existence and their triumph to his indefatigable zeal, there can be little doubt. His efforts have convinced amateurs that the Posthumous Quartets are not the ravings of a shattered intellect, but the inspirations of a mighty genius in the vigor of its prime. This doctrine, which he long upheld in the face of unanimous opposition, has, at length, been acknowledged canonic. The profoundest works of the profoundest intelligence of modern art are no longer regarded with apathy; their sublimity, their uncountable beauties are no longer unappreciated—but in the place of indifference and contumely, an enthusiasm, large and universal, has been kindled in their favour. The echo of the Society's doings, wafted abroad by the press—which has blown the trumpet of approval from Harley Street to the utmost verge of the empire—has excited a general desire to fight for the good cause. The ultimate effect must be universal enlightenment—and then will the purport of the motto—"HONOR TO BEETHOVEN"—be accomplished.

The third meeting of the "Beethoven Quartet Society," on Monday night, was, as usual, attended by the elite of our amateurs, critics, and professors. The first performance was the C minor, No. 4., Op. 18, commencing thus:—



This quartet, composed in 1791-2, dedicated to Prince Lichnowsky, published at Vienna in 1792, and first performed by the Schuppanzigh party at the musical soirées of that accomplished nobleman, is one of the most captivating of Beethoven's early compositions. The impassioned fervor of the first *Allegro* is well balanced by the playful simplicity of the *Andante* in C major, which bears a strong affinity to the

F major *Andante* of the composer's first symphony in C major. The *Minuetto* is singular from the uncertainty of key in the subject, which is not decided till the first phrase is completed. The *Finale* is quaint and sparkling; it is of the same family as the *Finale* to the C minor concerto, and more than one of the delicious *rondos* of Mozart. Sivoia led this quartet and invested it with all the graces of Italian song, which are as much at his command as these secrets of perfect mechanism which have placed him in the first rank of violinists, living and dead. The next quartet performed was the No. 10, in E flat, Op. 74, opening thus:—

*Poco Adagio.*



This was composed two-and-twenty years after the preceding one. It is of a much larger and more serious cast, and is completely Beethoven from the first bar to the last. It demands great energy and decision in its performance. No violinist could have supplied these qualities better than M. Sainton, whose masterly conception and brilliant execution won general admiration. In the *Presto*, M. Sainton adopted the *stilo capriccioso* required, and his efforts were admirably seconded by the violoncello of M. Rousselot. In the final air with variations—an equivocal climax to so profound a work—the tenor of Mr. Hill was of infinite value. The last quartet was the No. 16, in A minor, Op. 132, one of the grandest of the "Posthumous." It opens with a few bars *sostenuto*, thus:—

*Assai sostenuto.*



This was composed thirteen years later than the E flat, in 1825-6, after a lengthened and painful melody. The *Canzone* in C major was written by Beethoven as a thanksgiving to heaven for his recovery. It is stated to be in the Lydian mode—a mode for which we can find no precise signification, unless it be the prevalence of common chords and their inversions. However, nothing can be more devotional and sublime. The final *Allegro*, preceded by the recitative, is profoundly passionate and beautiful. The first phrase is unparalleled in music. The burst into C major is almost more than earthly.

The performance of this quartet was the great achievement of the evening. The four admirable executants, with little Camillo Sivori at their head, seemed inspired with more than usual ardour. The wonders of Beethoven's music found interpreters equally remarkable for intelligence and mechanical aptness. The interest of the audience was vividly excited, and the applause was incessant. The next meeting is fixed for Monday, the 27th.

## Vienna.

A GLANCE AT THE SEASON 1845-6.

(Continued from No. 13.)

Matchmaker-hoff, March 13.

There are only two concerts given by the Philharmonic Society during the season. The programme usually consists of an overture, a symphony, a concerto, and one or two vocal pieces. There are ordinarily from twelve to sixteen rehearsals, under Kapelmeister Nicolai. Hence the perfection of the band, which has been so much, and so justly, vaunted.\* Besides these there are the Spiritual Concerts, under the direction of Kapelmeister Lannoy, a composer of some merit, and a very good conductor.

Dreyschock, the pianist, gave five concerts this season, the net profits of which amounted to twenty florins—(about £2 English). With the exception of a few vocal pieces by Dlle. Truffz, Bury, and others, the programmes were entirely sustained by himself. A fantasia entitled *Gruss an Wien*, (salute to Vienna) was the cause of unusual merriment. In this *morceau* Dreyschock introduced, as his own themes, the well known "Sailor's Hornpipe," and the Scottish air "Bonny, bonny, wee wife." Several Englishmen who were present, of course recognised the subject, and the *exposé* was anything but agreeable to the friends of Dreyschock. The critics were very facetious with Dreyschock's playing, and more so with his music. Saphir announced, that at his next concert he would execute a fantasia on "God save the King," in which he would perform the melody, first with his right hand, second with his left hand, and third with no hand at all. On the whole Dreyschock is considered by the Viennese much inferior to Thalberg.

Vieuxtemps only gave one concert at the great room, which was pretty well attended. He played twice at the theatre—introducing his new concerto in A, one of his best compositions, and playing a fantasia, introducing "*Casta Diva*" on the fourth string—the string tuned to C instead of G—with variations. Vieuxtemps is justly regarded by the Viennese as one of the greatest violinists in the world—both in purity of style and perfection of mechanism. I believe Vieuxtemps will be in England during the spring; report says that he will perform at the "Musical Union" of Mr. Ella, of which the Princes Czartorysky, *père et fils*, are honorary members.

Berlioz gave three concerts at the *Theatre an der Wien*. The accounts in the London papers, which you sent me are entirely opposed to the truth. Berlioz has met with very little success here, though as much as in any other German town. His first concert was tolerably well attended, but not full. His second was empty. His third, in consequence of the announcement of illustrations of *Romeo e Giulietta*, was considerably better. A concert in the *Redouten Saale*, for the poor, was not at all attractive, although there

\* What wonder that the London Philharmonic, with its one rehearsal, should be inferior to the continental orchestras?—Ed.

was great variety in the programme. The *Harold* symphony was performed entire, the celebrated Ernst, who is leading an idle life here, sustaining the *obligato* tenor part throughout. The overture to the *Carnaval de Rome*, one of the later productions of Berlioz, and as absurd as any of them, was also performed—and fragments from the *Symphonie Fantastique*, which are as fantastic as their name would imply. Pischek sang at this concert, and a Mr. Seymour Schieff, pianist, attempted, *à la Liszt*, some illustrations of Spohr's *Faust*, than which nothing could possibly have been more execrable. The opinions of critics on the merits of Berlioz are divided; the great majority are decidedly unfavourable. A Doctor J. Bekker, who sets himself up for an apostle of the classical, defended Berlioz warmly. No one could guess the reason, until at a musical meeting at Dr. Bekker's house, a quartet of his composition was performed, which lasted two hours, and was exactly in the style of Berlioz. The critics availed themselves of this to explain the reason of Dr. Bekker's defence of Berlioz. The Doctor was furious, but the critics only laughed at him the more. Felicien David was a dead failure here; after his first concert there was no curiosity whatever about him. The critics said *Le Desert* was no better than *ballet* music. Proch, the composer, gave a concert, at which the *Scherzo* and *Finale* of David's symphony in E flat figured in the programme, "by desire." When the rest of the concert was finished, and the symphony began, every body walked out of the room—which gave occasion for the critics to ask by whose desire it was introduced. Heinrich Adami, of the *Theatre Zeitung*, a popular musical critic here, in a humorous *exposé* of the Davidian genius, concluded with a hope to see David again next year, and an urgent request that he would not forget to bring his symphony in E flat.

The concerts swarmed about this time. Little Joachim made an immense sensation by the performance of Beethoven's violin concerto in D, and a *Giaccona*, by Bach, for violin alone. He also performed David's (not Felicien) variations on Russian airs. His concert was crowded, and the applause was immense. Joachim is certainly the greatest prodigy among musical precocities that now exists. He has written a violin concerto, which has striking merits, and I am inclined to think he will shine, in process of time, as much as a composer as he now does as a violinist. He remembers, with pleasure, his visit to England. His concert occurred on the same day as Berlioz's concert for the poor. On one day there were no less than seven concerts. It was a Sunday. There was a concert of the *Conservatoire*, at the *Redouten*, when the symphony of Parish Alvars was performed—Felicien David's concert at the theatre—the concert of M. Pacher, a clever pianist, at the *Salle du Conservatoire*—a quartet concert of the Jansa and Borzaga party, which took place in the afternoon—the concert of Madame D'Eichthal, the harpist, at Streicher's pianoforte rooms—a concert at Bosandorfer's, the pianoforte manufacturer—and another elsewhere. No end of pianists of all grades gave concerts during the season. Pfeiffer, a pianist, Pfeffer (in English—pepper) a pianist, whom the critics peppered soundly—Ferdinand, a pianist—Dlle. Caponi, a pianist—and Dlle Heindrichs, a pianist—all gave concerts, with more or less success. Nicolai, the composer, also ventured upon a concert, which was made out of music of his own composition, in every style. I never sat out a dryer performance. A symphony, selections from an opera, and several *lieder* were executed. The symphony was "as tedious as a king," and the critics belabored it unmercifully. The announcement of six concerts by Liszt caused a great sensation. Every ticket

was disposed of, four days before his arrival. His popularity in Vienna is immense. The quartets at the Prince Czartorisky's were admirable. Mayseder, Director of the Imperial Chapel, the well-known composer, sustained the first violin—Strelinger, a youth, although Ballet Director at the Imperial opera, the second violin—Zach, an amateur, the tenor—and Borzaga, Solist at the Imperial Opera, the violoncello. Mayseder's execution is perfect, but his style is decidedly *rococo*. I have heard quartet-playing less precise, that has pleased me much more. Mr. Ella, however, who was on one occasion at the Prince's to dinner, and was afterwards present at the quartets, assured him that there was nothing in London to approach it. These meetings are merely private—but the Jansa party—who, I am inclined to think, play better still—gave public performances that paid very handsomely. Jansa sustained the first violin, Durst the second, Heissker the tenor, and Borzaga the violoncello. Jansa is not so finished a performer as Mayseder, but he has more style. The great places of rendezvous for artists here are Mechetti's, in the Michaeler Platz (music-publisher to the Court)—Graben's (music-publisher)—and Diabelli's, (music-publisher). Here I often met Czerny, the pianoforte composer and performer—Halm, (a friend of Mr. Neate's)—Preyer, director of the *Conservatoire*—Mr. Ella—the Prince Czartorisky, *père*—the Prince Czartorisky, *fils*—and other eminent artists and dilettanti. Mr. Ella was lodging at the Weihburg-gasse, and appeared to be on close terms of intimacy with the Czartoriskys, (*père* and *fils*.) Mr. Ella inserted in some paper his opinion of how the great continental orchestras should be classed, placing the Leipzig *Gewandhaus* orchestra last on the list. Mendelssohn, the director, was offended at this. Ill-natured folks have it, that Mr. Ella's classification was regulated by pique, that Mendelssohn did not return his call when at Leipzig.\* However, the composer of *Paulus* subsequently made amends, by calling on the Director of the "Musical Union," at his residence in Berlin—since when, I understand, the *Gewandhaus* orchestra has moved two pegs higher in the classification scale of the eminent English professor. Perhaps I may draw you up a few more particulars of the season in a future letter—it is not nearly over yet. Your friend Rosenberg was at this hotel. He has left for Dresden. S.

\* Those who know Mr. Ella will at once repudiate this absurd insinuation. —[Ed. M. W.]

## Letters from Italy.

No. 1.

VENICE.

Here I am at length at Venice! Venice, the "fair city!" What can I say about her which has not been said or sung a thousand times, and a thousand times better than I could say or sing it? Shall I quote Byron, or Rogers, in every line, and fall into second-hand raptures, in the true style of all modern cockney tourists? I might begin by saying that, "I stood in Venice on the Bridge of Sighs," &c.; but then everybody who has been to Venice has "stood upon the Bridge of Sighs." Mr. Wilkins has stood upon the Bridge of Sighs; Mr. Tomkins and Mr. Fidkin have stood upon the Bridge of Sighs. Why, then, add another Fidkin to the long list of Fidkins who have stood in an erect posture on the Bridge of Sighs? Poor Bridge of Sighs! It is enough to make any bridge sigh, or to crush a heart of stone, to be obliged to support such a standing army of tourists. No! under existing circumstances, I shall confine myself (and I hope my labour may be fruitful) to a few reminiscences of social and musical life, such as I found it during a six months' residence at Venice, and leave the poetical ecstasies about its monuments and traditions to the enlightened visitors of three weeks, or, perhaps, (as is more frequently the case) as many days. I will merely say that, after all I had heard of the glories of "*la bella*

*Venezia*," I was not disappointed; which, as I humbly opine, is saying a great deal. My first night in Venice over, (for I arrived in the evening, too late to see anything,) I arose early on the following morning, threw open my casement, and gazed around me. Never shall I forget that indescribably lovely morning—the deep blue of that cloudless sky—the serene brightness which seemed to reign around. It was as though the old city were hushed into a golden slumber, so bright and yet so still did she appear. And then the view which awaited me! Opposite to my window, on the other side of the water, stood the "*Salute*," one of the finest churches in Venice; beneath ran the "*Canal Grande*," leading to the "*Laguna*;" some distance to the right might be seen the famous "*Rialto*;" and to the left the magnificent columns of the "*Piazzetta*," with a view extending as far as the "*Giardini Publici*," planted by Napoleon. "Ha!" said I, internally, "this is, indeed, glorious! And now for a Venetian breakfast, and a swim in a gondola." Away I went accordingly to Florian's "*Café*," on the renowned "*Piazza San Marco*"—a description of which, of course, you do not desire, as you must have read hundreds. I will, therefore, confine myself to the "*Café*." There, in the open air, but shielded from the sun by huge blue curtains, I took my first Venetian breakfast. This consisted of iced coffee, cakes, fresh figs, &c., all very acceptable in a hot country. Then we had minstrels, although their strains were somewhat homely, and pretty flower-girls, with lustrous black eyes, who come and place a bouquet with the most graceful air imaginable upon your breakfast-table, and never seem to expect anything from you in return; although they are not too proud to accept a few sous, if you are not too niggardly to offer them. Breakfast over, I began to think about paying some visits, and delivering some letters of introduction. For this purpose, I repaired to the Mola, to hire a gondola. In an instant twenty fellows were buzzing and pestering me with solicitations. "*Una barca, Signore!*" "*Una gondola, Monsu!*"—for that is the title applied indiscriminately by them to all foreigners, whether they come from France, England, or China. Having selected one from amongst the swarm, I prepared to enter it. Here, however, an unlooked-for difficulty presented itself—how was I to get in? I at first attempted it in the manner most generally in use in civilized countries—namely, that of going forwards; but I soon discovered my error; for having once got into the interior of the gondola in that fashion, I found that I could neither sit nor turn round, but remained with my nasal organ rubbing against the rough, naily lining of the boat in a most uncomfortable and ungraceful posture. "Ehi!" cried I; "stop a minute—this won't do at all. The gondolier understood me, and with a broad grin, and a wink to his companions, which seemed to say, "this is some wretched ultra-montane barbarian who never saw a gondola before," he set me right. And now having advanced backwards into the gondola, I found myself comfortably ensconced in the interior. I was fortunate enough to find almost all my future acquaintances "*a casa*." In each house, according to the prevailing fashion, I was presented with a cup of boiling hot coffee, the swallowing of which on a broiling July day, in Italy, is a feat worthy of M. Chabert. However, it certainly cools and refreshes one afterwards, if we can but survive the getting it down. My visits over, I began to hunt for lodgings. This is, perhaps, not as disagreeable an occupation in Venice as in other places, for in that city it leads one into many curious old buildings, whose traditions are connected with the brightest pages of Venetian history. Many an old palace did I enter in the hope of finding something remarkably romantic and dilapidated in the way of lodgings; and I verily believe that a suite of rooms with the windows out, or the doors off the hinges, would have delighted me very much. But alas! I was at length obliged to put up with something most humiliatingly comfortable and mortifyingly convenient. There are five theatres at Venice, three out of which are devoted to the opera; of the five, the *Penice* (a magnificent theatre, only open in the winter), the *San Benedetto*, and the *Apollo*, are the principal. (The others are called the *Teatro Gallo*, and the *Teatro Malibran*. By the way, there is a curious anecdote connected with this last establishment and as it tends to throw an additional lustre upon the name and fame of the departed Pythoness, it is but just that it should be generally known. The *impresario* of the above theatre was, at the period of Madame Malibran's last visit to Venice, just entering upon his new speculation. Business had been great at the *Penice* during the winter season, and his poor struggling little *troupe* was deserted. Ruin stared him in the face. What was to be done? The instant Madame Malibran arrived in the town, the *impresario* of the *Penice*, as a matter of course, waited upon her with an offer of engagement at her own terms. When this came to the ears of the other manager, he thought himself ruined outright. "It wanted but this!" exclaimed he, "to crush me completely! *Ma corraggio!* I will go and state my case to her; and I also will offer her an engagement." Away he went accordingly: told his tale, and made his proposal. Malibran did not hesitate a moment in her



decision. "I will sing for you," she said, "if you think it will be serviceable to you. You want money, and he (alluding to the *Venice manager*) does not." She was to have half the nightly receipts. The houses were enormous, and at the termination of her engagement, she returned to the astonished manager the half of her share of the profits, saying, smilingly, "Take care of it! I shall not be able to come to you every year!" The poor man was half out of his senses with joy and gratitude; and no wonder, for she had saved him and his family from ruin. In commemoration of this act of generosity, he named his establishment the "*Teatro Malibran*." Unfortunately, however, he has not since been as successful as his benefactress wished, and his theatre holds now but a third-rate rank. The first theatre I went to in Venice was the *San Benedetto*; on that occasion it was the benefit-night of one of the *prime donne*; and conceive my astonishment on meeting at the door the fair *beneficent* herself, who, in her stage attire, was officiating as principal money taker. She had a large basket before her full of "lire." A lira is a silver coin about the size of an English sixpence, and valued at eightpence of our money. This was the price of the pit at the *Benedetto*. The opera was Ricci's "*Prigione d'Edimburgo*." The singers were tolerable, and the orchestra bearable, although the paucity of *violoncelli*, and the use of the five-stringed *contrabassi* produce at the first hearing rather a strange effect upon foreign ears. The following day I went to hear a mass in the church of "*San Giovanni e Paolo*," and anything more execrable than the music, I never heard before, and hope I never shall hear again. It is not that the Italians have no composers who can write severe and tolerably good music; I have myself seen highly creditable scores by the *Maestri di Capella* of the present day to some of the churches. Perrotti, the composer and *Maestro di Capella* to the church of St. Mark, is a most scientific musician and highly-talented composer. Fanna, the principal resident pianoforte professor at Venice, has written some charming sacred pieces, full of melody and devotional feeling. He is also a very distinguished pianoforte writer; and his works are well known to all artists who have been in Italy. Fumaletto, too, a priest, who died in 1828, was a composer of remarkable talent, and has written things which would do credit to any one. In fact, I was astonished beyond measure to see the mass of admirable scores, by different writers, lying mouldering in manuscript (for these things seldom get into print) upon the shelves of Italian church libraries, whilst such infamous trash is daily performed for the church service. The fault must be with the "powers that be," who perhaps think that vulgar opera tunes will be more attractive to their flock than the pure strains of religious inspiration. During the winter, when all the theatres are open, and the *Ridotto* balls given, Venice is very gay; but still I fear that the "*Carnavale di Venezia*," so celebrated throughout Europe, must be considered amongst the things that were. It is a very rare thing here to meet with amateurs who can perform upon any instrument even creditably; and I do not recollect having passed as many months in any other part of the world, without hearing more good music in private than in Venice. It is almost impossible to get up a good quartet; you must invite them three weeks before, and then one is sure to disappoint. In fact they do not care for chamber-music—it requires too much attention. We have no public concerts at all. Sometimes a travelling artist, passing through Venice, will play or sing at one of the theatres; but most of them continue their journey without finding an opportunity of making themselves heard. *Addio!*

## Foreign Intelligence.

BERLIN. — (Extract from a Letter, dated Schadow's Strasse, March 25.)—Dear Sir, I send you a little news I have picked up by the way. The concert of the Distin family, at Hanover, was crowded. Amongst the audience were Kapelmeister Marschner, (the composer of *Der Vampyr*), Concertmeister Lübeck, and the principal musicians of Hanover. The Distins were engaged for two nights last week, at the "*Hof Theatre*," in Brunswick, where their success was equally flattering, being called forward at the conclusion of their performance. The Duke of "*Braunschweig*" (Brunswick), and suite, were present. Kapelmeister Müller presented the Distins with a complimentary letter. They also performed, recently, at a grand concert given by the celebrated violinist, Viextemps in the *Saale der Sing-Akademie*, which was crowded to excess. The King and Queen of Prussia, and suite, were present. The orchestra directed by Vierecht, was excellent. Viextemps

was immensely applauded, and played magnificently. The Distins have received a command to perform at the palace before the King and Queen, &c. on Saturday next. Since they left London, they have performed before the Kings of the French, Hanover, and Prussia. The Earl of Westmoreland was present at the concert of Viextemps. The Distins will probably return to London the first week in May. I met Littolff, the pianist, at Brunswick; he played at the *Hof Theatre* there, on Friday last, and on Tuesday, with great success; he is highly extolled, both for his playing and his compositions, particularly a symphony. He will be in London in May—proceeding first to Brussels and Paris. Viextemps will also be in London, in May. A concert is to be given at the palace of Prince William, on Saturday, (the band to consist of 300 performers, military,) directed by Vierecht. Dohler, the pianist, is married to a very rich Russian Countess—the Emperor has created him a noble. Mademoiselle Jenny Lind is ill, and has been so for the last week. A kind of influenza prevails in Berlin, and most persons are more or less attacked by it. I extract the following from the "*Allgemeine Zeitung*," Friday, March 20:—

"And now for the Messrs. Distin, from London. They had been before-hand exhibited to public view, under 'the Linden.' There, however, the magic instruments remained silent in their hands—here, we heard them, and had the concert room had the extent of the 'Linden' itself, it would have been sufficiently powerful, for, together, with a delicacy which reminds one of the tones of the flute, these instruments, especially the bass, possess the power of the trombone. The Messrs. Distin displayed them in the whole of their admirable variety; one of the five horns forms the bass, two others the full harmony, the remaining two solo instruments being, as it were, the treble and alto. They displayed the greatest elegance in their performance, as they had, at the same time, the skill of breathing into the tones the living spirit and expression of a song. These instruments are especially adapted for the use of military bands. Both pieces, the Quintette, from "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," and Fantasia, on themes, from "*Robert le Diable*," were executed with the highest perfection and "*ensemble*," by the family of artists.

The following programme of music was performed by the Distins at the Palace, on Sunday, March 22nd:—

Quintette, from "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," Donizetti—Quintette, "Elegie" composed for the violin by Ernst—Quartette, English Glee, "Harmony," Beale—Fantasia from "*Robert le Diable*," Meyerbeer—Fantasia from "*Il Torneo*," composed by the Earl of Westmoreland—Quintette from "*Fidelio*," Beethoven—Fantasia on "*Scottish Airs*."

The Elegy of Ernst had a capital effect.

A grand musical fête took place lately at the palace of the Prince of Prussia, (being the birth-day of his Royal Highness) by a band of 300 wind instruments, from the military under the direction of Herr Vierecht, the King's Music director. Among the pieces were the overture to Meyerbeer's new opera of "*Le Campe de Silesie*," in which there occurs a *chant*, the words of which were adapted (on this occasion) in compliment to the Prince, and sung by about 50 of the band, and had a beautiful effect; and a piece composed by H. R. H. Prince Carl. The performance took place in a magnificent "*Saale*;" during the banquet the Distins had a special invitation to hear the band. After this was finished, they received the command to perform at the Palace of the King of Prussia, and last night performed the above cited programme before the King and Queen of Prussia, Prince and Princess of Prussia, Prince Carl, Prince Albrecht, Prince Adalbert, Crown Prince and Princess of Bavaria, Grand Duke of Mecklenburg Schwerin, Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg Strelitz and Son, Princes Carolina of Hesse Cassel, Grand Duke of Hessen and the Rhine, Prince August of Wurtem-

• Mr. Littolff has since arrived, sooner than expected, as our readers are aware.—ED.

berg, and Prince Ratzivil. They had great success; the King and all the Princes conversed with them very affably, and complimented them highly, and advised them to go to Russia. It is their intention, however, to return to London the first week in May, as they will not visit St. Petersburg until after the London season, (it being too late for the season in Russia.) Meyerbeer has presented the Distins with selections from his new opera arranged for their own instruments. The Distins are the first English wind instrument players that have ventured to Germany.

PARIS.—The new ballet of *Paquita*, at the *Academie*, has succeeded, and will carry the establishment comfortably through the summer season. The scene is laid in Spain; the heroine is a young girl of high birth, who has been stolen and reared by the Gitanas, and the impersonator of that heroine is Carlotta Grisi. Our correspondent, D. B. (who is, we must say, inconveniently behind-hand with his communications), has sent us a long account, which must be deferred till our next. Meanwhile, it is enough to say that *Paquita* is a new triumph of the beautiful Carlotta, for whom is destined the mantle of Taglioni. "Mlle. Grisi" says Jules Janin, in his *feuilleton* of the 6th instant—"is young, pretty, ingenious, and *agacante*—and when she dances, it is no matter what she dances, provided only that she dances. Her smile, her *poses*, her *tête mignonne*—the incarnate joy of uncurbed youth, happy, courted, well dressed, and well applauded—in these lie all the charm of our *danses*. Placed in our thoughts between Taglioni, the vapor, and Fanny Elssler the woman, Carlotta Grisi takes what she can from both—she is a little less the dancing phantom, a little less the bounding fine lady—her grace is at once less ærial and less earthly—she passes lightly between the two excesses, between the two perils." But we shall have enough of Carlotta (we cannot have too much) in the letter of D. B. The new composer in the *gigantesque* school—M. Douay—has given two concerts with success, and announces a third for the 10th. This artist has—to use the words of a cotemporary—for some years been silently forcing his way into public notice. He is the son of a viola player at the Opera, who was a friend of the celebrated Viotti, and subsequently a retired *pensionnaire* of that institution, which never allows its old and zealous servants to pass the decline of life in poverty. Young Emile Douay studied music in Picardy. He was destined, at different periods, for the church, the army, and the law—but his natural predestination was music, and he eventually resigned himself wholly to his darling pursuit. His father's affairs becoming embroiled, he left Picardy, and arrived in Paris, with his musical acquirements and a tolerable violin for his stock-in-trade. He obtained a place in the orchestra of the *Gymnase* as one of the *ripieni* violinists. At Paris he composed his first symphony in a miserable garret, which was his sole apartment. With great trouble he succeeded in getting his work tried by the pupils of the *Conservatoire*. The symphony was condemned by Cherubini, then director of the *Conservatoire*, as *detestable*. "There is enough in it for four symphonies—he will never be anything," cried the great composer, in a fit of *ennui* and ill temper. Douay was, however, offered the privilege of entering into a class of composition in the *Conservatoire*, to which he replied with indignity; "Yes, if you will ensure me the prize next year;" thus shutting himself out irremediably from the patronage of that institution. Douay returned, discouraged, to his garret. He composed several operatic works, but could never get them accepted. His last degradation was the necessity he was

under of accepting an engagement at the promenade concerts in the *Jardin Turc*, then under the direction of Jullien. From the "man of Polkas," who was then as popular in Paris as at present he is in London, he received more kindness than from those in higher places, whose duty it was to have encouraged and fostered him. Thus he dragged on his existence till the year 1838, when the concerts of Valentino were projected, and young Douay heard, for the first time, the symphonies of Beethoven. These opened a new world to him, and, burning with emulation, he produced symphonies of his own, one in E, another in F, and a third fantastically designated *Symphonie Poétique*. He presented them to Valentino, who suggested that they should be considerably abbreviated, to render them palatable to a public mixed audience. Douay would not erase a note from his score, and again his hopes were frustrated. The *Symphonie Poétique*, perhaps the longest ever written, is divided into three parts, "Creation," "Life," and "Annihilation." It was commenced in the midst of pecuniary embarrassments, and when at length it was accomplished, it was seized, with all his furniture and personal property, for some debts he had unavoidably contracted. At length, in 1843, the first part of his great work, *La Creation*, was publicly performed at the *Salle Vivienne*, and was received with great favour by the public and press. Instead of following up his success by producing the other two parts, Douay set out on a sea voyage, during which he produced a musical poem, called, *Une voix dans l'orage*, and last year, inspired by the recollection of a visit to Fontainebleau, he wrote another work, called, *La Chasse Royale*. The concerts this season have put the seal on Douay's reputation, and convinced the Parisian connoisseurs that a new artist of no ordinary merit has appeared upon the horizon. It would have been more advantageous to the composer had the programmes involved one complete work, instead of the three fragments of which they actually consisted. A portion of the *Geneviève des Bois*, a portion of the *Symphonie Poétique*, and a portion of the *Chasse Royale*, were executed. The Parisian public, who are always in extremes, have at once pronounced M. Douay a Beethoven—and for the nonce Berlioz and David are completely in the shade. That Douay is not a Beethoven, nor any thing approaching to a Beethoven, will easily be believed. Ole Bull has announced a concert for the 16th, at the *Theatre-Italien*, on which occasion the Beethoven Cantata of Liszt, with the French version of the words by Jules Janin, will be performed. It is not likely, therefore, that Janin will come to London on the 15th, as has been asserted. Auber's early opera "Emma," is going to be revived at the *Opera Comique* for Mlles Delille and Lavoye.

BERLIN, March 24.—As might have been expected, the second concert of the admirable violinist, M. Vieuxtemps, was fully attended, the applause unanimous and liberal. The artist performed his second concerto, (lately published by Wessel and Co.) a composition as effective as it is difficult—divided in two parts. The first movement, *Allegro*, is grandiose and richly instrumentated; the second is a beautiful and expressive *Adagio*—and the *Rondo Finale* is piquant and original. The highest perfection of mechanism, united to a grand and passionate delivery, distinguished the performance of this fine composition. Vieuxtemps was several times called back to receive the plaudits of the audience. The fantasia on "Norma," on the fourth string, tuned to C, was a marvel of executive skill, and elicited repeated plaudits. The Messrs. Distin and their performance on the saxe horns are in great favour with the Berlin public. On this occasion they gave the

quintett from "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," and a Fantasia on "*Robert le Diable*." M. Ferdinand Hiller, (author of the admirable studies, dedicated to Meyerbeer, published by Wessel and Co., and edited by Mr. Cipriani Potter,) displayed in a concerto with orchestra, of his own composition, high distinction as a composer and pianist. Altogether the concert of Vieuxtemps was one of the most interesting given here this season—it is the general wish that it may be followed by another, to gratify a large number of his admirers who could not gain admittance on this occasion. The Distin family have received the command to perform again to the King at his splendid palace in Charlottenburg, four miles from Berlin. This will be the third time they have been thus honoured.

BRUSSELS.—(From our Correspondent.)—The connoisseurs of this capital are in ecstasies with a Mdle. Rummel, a vocalist who has lately arrived, and gave a concert at the *Salle de la Société Philharmonique*, on Saturday last. "Mdle. Rummel," says *La Belgique Musicale* "is the daughter of M. Rummel, a pianoforte composer of acknowledged worth. In the opening bars of the air from *Beatrice di Tenda*, the first morceau she essayed, it was evident that no ordinary singer was before us. It may be possible to resist the influence of personal attractions—of which, by the way, this young and graceful artist has no inconsiderable share, her demeanor being as modest as her appearance is prepossessing—but when we hear a young and fresh voice declaiming a *cantabile* with the decision and sustaining power that ordinarily belong to years of study and experience—impressing, in short, on musical phraseology, the facility and style that result from an *ensemble* of qualities perfected to the highest degree—there can be little doubt of the advent of a new and bright star on the horizon of art. Mdle. Rummel unites to a pure and correct method, the facility of vocalising for which Mad. Persiani is celebrated. Endeavouring to avoid an imitation of that great model in her bold and daring flights, Mdle. Rummel occasionally pushes reserve too far, and deprives herself of a powerful medium of effect. But this, at least, indicates sound classical principles and a respect for the text of the master she may be interpreting—admirable qualities in one so young, and destined to become herself a model. Both in her first air, and in the *scena* from *La Sonnambula*, Mdle. Rummel was frequently and zealously applauded. She has the power of graduating the *portée* of her voice, from the extreme of loud to the extreme of soft, without destroying its quality, or endangering the purity of her intonation which was manifested to admiration in the *scena* from *La Sonnambula*. The opposite character of the two Italian canzonets of Rossini, and of a Spanish melody, which was the last of her performances, gave occasion for the display of another kind of talent. Mdle. Rummel, in these, proved herself a singer of animation and intelligence, with abundant feeling, and no lack of poetical conception. She possesses a facility in opposite styles of vocalising quite extraordinary in one so young. Mdle. Rummel is on her way to London, where she will, doubtless, make a great sensation among the connoisseurs and *dilettanti*. She is the more likely to succeed from being almost the only continental vocalist of celebrity who visits the British capital during the present season. Kufferath and Ch. L. Hanssens have composed new symphonies, of which report speaks highly. The former will be given at one of the concerts of the *Conservatoire*—the latter has already been played at the *Grande Harmonie*, and has been pronounced a *chef d'œuvre* by competent judges. Madame Pleyel, who will not be in London till the 25th,

gave a concert on Saturday at Antwerp. Her reception was enthusiastic—nothing could exceed the vehemence and unanimity of the applause. At the end, as usual, the fair pianist was pelted by a storm of bouquets. The charitable disposition of Madame Pleyel, no less than her immense talent, have won her an unparalleled popularity in Antwerp, as indeed in all the towns of Belgium. I will send you full particulars of the concert next week. The *Desert* of Felicien David was given at the last concert of the *Philharmonique* in the *Salle des Augustins*, under the direction of M. Ferdinand. The attendance was scanty, and the reception of the "French Beethoven's" masterpiece cold and disencouraging. Ch. L. Hanssens, the composer, put the seal upon *Le Desert*, the season before last, in refusing to conduct its public performance—from which buffet it has never recovered. S.

## The Cantilena.\*

BY

CHARLES M. WESTMACOTT.

If I were king, my jovial throne, by merry friends surrounded,  
Should to the world example give, worthy of every crown'd head;  
In glorious sport I'd spend the day, at night the feast we'd dish up,  
Then drinking deep, till morning's grey, hail matins with spic'd Bishop.

Philosophers may preach dull rules, for every rank and station,  
Give me a fine fat haunch of buck, and a fig for inspiration;  
Good songs I love, and with good cheer I'd honour those who write them,  
And he who would not toast the fair, I'd — *ad infinitum*.

I'd leave at peace with all the world, if all the world would let me;  
But if the foe defiance hurl'd, hard fighting should not fret me—  
Political intrigues and strife, I ne'er could understand them—  
The motto of a good man's life should be, "*Nil desperandum*."

\*From the first chapter of a clever and amusing novel called "*The Stage of Life*," published in the "*Sporting Magazine*."

## Original Correspondence.

To the Editor of the "*Musical World*."

SIR,—May I be permitted to ask, if you, or any one of your numerous correspondents, can inform me, if there has ever been published, in English, a work descriptive of the Mechanical Construction of the Organ? In German, and also, I believe, in French, there are various works relating to the structure of this noble "king of instruments," but being, unfortunately, ignorant of both these foreign languages, the whole mass of continental publications on this subject are, to me, "sealed books." Hoping that you, or some one of your various readers, may be able to refer me to an English work of this description.

I remain, your's obediently,  
A COUNTRY SUBSCRIBER.

March 30, 1846.

## LETTERS ON THE LAW OF COPYRIGHT.—No. 1.

To the Editor of the "*Musical World*."

SIR,—As the greater number of persons connected with the musical profession are interested in the incidents of copyright, it may not be inappropos to offer a few remarks upon the subject. More especially at the present moment when so many improvements are being suggested and carried out for the benefit of mankind, and while there is every prospect of further alterations in the laws treating of copyright, as also there being cases of daily occurrence in the various courts of Judicature of great interest, and even of vital importance to the musical performer and composer. I might cite as an example the case now pending



between Mr. Henry Russell and Mr. Smith, to which I shall probably recur in a future letter.

I propose, therefore to offer, firstly, some general remarks on copyright, then, shortly to state its rise and progress, and lastly to point out the present state of the law, and the protection and remedies of authors, composers, painters, sculptors, &c.

Now the precise meaning of the term copyright cannot be stated in clearer terms than those in which it is expressed by Blackstone, viz.: "This is the right which an author may be supposed to have in his own original literary compositions, so that no other person without his leave may publish or make profit of the copies."—Lord Mansfield and others have given the definition in various terms; but there is no doubt of its referring to something proceeding from the mind of the person by whom, or through whom such a right is claimable.

The right of copy, however, in this country is not confined entirely to original works, for translations of foreign works, as well as notes, and additions, compilations, and abridgments are protected from piracy.

Authors and composers, although continually mourning the want of sympathy of the public with their misfortunes, are treated at the present time in a princely manner compared to their situation in society in former times. Then, a favoured few basked in the sunshine of royalty; now, none are forgotten, and it is as rare to hear of a genius dying of starvation, as it was formerly to hear of one having sufficient property to require a will. The reasons are that—firstly, education is more general and novelty is required to amuse the public, so that employment may be found for all who choose to profit by the demand for original compositions of every description. And secondly, more protection is afforded by the legislature to compositions—for acts of parliament were passed to protect literary composition only; then engravings and prints; next sculptures, models, copies, and casts; afterwards dramatic and musical performances; and lastly, designs for ornamenting manufactures or other substances.

But, although, at the present day almost every species of literary work comes under the surveillance of the copyright acts, there is one exception, viz.:—"That no privilege of this kind can be claimed in any production which is immoral, blasphemous, or seditious in its tendency, or which is defamatory of private character." This is a wise and just law, and tends to the prevention of much immoral writing, which would otherwise most probably be more common than at present is the case.

I am, sir,

Your's obediently,

HERRMANN LANG.

DRAGONETTI.

To the Editor of the "Musical World."

March 31st, 1846.

DEAR SIR,—Suffering myself from the consequence of a very serious accident, but being informed that Dragonetti was dangerously ill, I limped on Thursday last to his residence to see him.

I was informed by his friend Mr. N. that I could not see him, and that there were many persons waiting there for that purpose, but could not be allowed to do so, Dragonetti being too ill. I rested myself in an apartment for some time; at last Mr. N. receded, shaking his head, to whom I said, to mention to Dragonetti Mr. Stumpff would be glad to see him, which wish he complied with. On returning, he said, Mr. Dragonetti would be glad to see me. I found him in his bed; on beholding me, he stretched his hand towards me, which I pressed warmly, saying—"That was the hand Beethoven desired me to press, and which I came here to perform now in my own name, as well as that of his great friend Beethoven, who is now composing sublime symphonies in purer regions." At this moment his withered countenance visibly cleared up and grew animated, uttering—"I am glad to see you very much." Being desired by Mr. N. to make my visit short, I pressed his hand very hard, uttering "God bless you, my dear sir, for ever."

All musical Europe knew Dragonetti, whose genius was concentrated in one focus, namely—in the performance on the Double Bass.

I remain, Mr. Editor, your well-wisher and obedient servant,  
J. A. STUMPF.

Great Portland Street, Portland Place.

### Miscellaneous.

BUCKINGHAM PALACE.—The following programme was performed before Her Majesty and Prince Albert, at a private concert, on Wednesday evening, April 1st:—

Overture, Song with Chorus, "You spotted snakes," Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams, Notturmo, March, and Finale-Chorus, "A

Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn Bartholdy—Romance, "Va dit elle," Madame Castellan, "Robert le Diable," Meyerbeer—Chorus, "The Calm of the Sea," Beethoven—Overture, "Der Freyschutz," C. M. Von Weber—Chorus, "The Fisherman's Adieu," Reber—Duet, "Two merry Gipsies are we," Miss A. Williams and Miss M. Williams, G. A. Macfarren—Festmarsch, for two Orchestras, Meyerbeer—Pregliera, "Col Sorriso," Madame Castellan, "Il Pirata," Bellini—Chorus, "We praise, O Lord, thy name," C. M. von Weber. Conductor, Mr. Anderson.

Madame Castellan was particularly noticed by the Royal hosts, who were evidently pleased at seeing her again. Macfarren's popular duet produced a great effect, and the Misses Williams were complimented upon their manner of singing it, by Her Majesty and the Prince.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.—The Annual Fancy Dress Ball in aid of the funds of this excellent Institution, will take place, by command and under the patronage of Her Majesty, on Friday, June 5.

CROSBY HALL.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mrs. Alexander Newton and Mr. George Case gave a concert here on Monday evening, which was crowded to excess. The programme embraced a great variety of pieces, vocal and instrumental. The concertina was in great force. Mr. Case himself performed a solo, and joined Mr. Giulio Regondi, Mr. Sedgewick, and Mr. J. Case in the execution of the overtures to *L'Italiana* and *Zampa*. Reissiger's serenade, "Slumber, Maiden," charmingly sung by Miss Dolby, was admirably accompanied by Mr. Giulio Regondi and Mr. Case on the treble and tenor concertina, and John Barnett's delicious trio, "The magic wave scarf," was accompanied by Messrs. Regondi, Sedgewick, and Case, on three concertinas. Besides this, Mr. Case played De Beriot's violin concerto in D, with great effect, and Mr. Regondi, in a fantasia on the guitar, won general applause. The vocalists were Miss Dolby—Miss Rainforth, who gave popular songs from "The Crusaders" and "Maritana"—Mrs. A. Newton, who has much improved, and introduced a very clever and effective song, by Howard Glover, "From an orient clime," in which she was loudly encored—M. H. Phillips—Mr. N. J. Sporle—and Mr. John Parry. There was, moreover, a duet for pianoforte and clarinet, by Miss E. Ward and Mr. Lazarus—a flute solo, by Mr. Richardson—and a duet for clarinet and flute, by these two clever artists, in concert. A polacca, nicely written, by Mr. W. J. White, and well sung, by Mrs. A. Newton, was accompanied on the cornet *obligato* by the composer. Mr. Case, on the violin, and Mr. Lazarus, on the clarinet, also played *obligato* accompaniments to songs by Mrs. A. Newton and Miss Rainforth. The latter, which was excellently rendered by the fair vocalist, is a clever composition, by Mr. Schmidt. Miss Dolby won great applause in two national airs, which she delivered with characteristic energy and feeling. Mr. N. J. Sporle and Mr. H. Phillips were highly successful in songs of their own composition—and Mr. John Parry's ingenious extravaganzas were, as usual, received with acclamations. Mr. Charles Severn presided ably as pianoforte accompanist. The concert gave great satisfaction, but the programme was much too long.

MR. STURGES' CONCERT.—This took place at Hanover Square on Thursday last. The performances were the *Creation*, and a selection of sacred music. Miss Rainforth, in the former, sung, as she always does, charmingly, and Messrs. Atkins and King, her coadjutors, acquitted themselves respectably. In the selection we had Miss Birch and Mr. Phillips, who sang, in their usual style of excellence, some new songs of Neukomm and Assmayer, which, however, presented no

very remarkable features. Weldon's anthem, "In thee, O Lord!" which followed, was a much better thing. The room was well filled.

**PARISH ALVARS.**—The following letter has been transmitted from the Committee of the Society of the "Conservatoire de Musique" of the Imperial Austrian Empire, to this distinguished artist:—

To PARISH ALVARS, Esq.

Sir,—You had the kindness to entrust the Society of Musicians of the Imperial State of Austria with your newly composed Symphony, which was executed on the 7th instant, (December, 1845,) and which has afforded to the members of the society the very highest artistic gratification. The immense and continued applause with which every part of your Symphony was greeted, and the manifestations of delight by the connoisseurs, must have convinced you, sir, that the numerous assemblage duly appreciated the beauty and perfection of your excellent composition; it can, indeed, only call forth the most enthusiastic feelings in every lover of music, to have met in your Symphony, a work of art which—equally distinguished by richness of melody, and masterly working out—is superior to the greater number of works since the great masters, and worthy to be placed by the side of those. The Committee therefore feel it a pleasant duty (in the name of the whole Society) to express their thanks to you for having given them the high artistic enjoyment of your sterling new work, and beg (at the same time) respectfully, a continuation of your good feelings towards them.

Signed by the President,

LANDGRAVE FURSTENBERG.

Vienna, 8th December, 1845.

**MR. JARRETT'S CONCERT**, at the Western Literary Institution, was crowded to excess. Mr. Jarrett performed a horn solo of his own composition, in which he displayed a purity and equality of tone, united to a neatness and certainty of execution, that must place him in the first rank of horn-players. In *cantabile* passages Mr. Jarrett is unrivalled. His reading of the beautiful melody from *Guillaume Tell*, "*Dove vai*," was as finished as any vocalist could have rendered it. He was greatly and deservedly applauded. Mr. Jarrett also performed the horn *obligato* accompaniment, to a M.S. song by G. A. Macfarren, an exquisite composition, and vocalised with charming expression by Madame Macfarren, whose improvement is rapid and striking. The concert was so varied that we can merely mention the names of the performers. There were Madame Dulcken, who was vociferously applauded in a brilliant fantasia, by Bertini, which she played to perfection—Mr. W. Vincent Wallace, whose fantasia from *Maritana*, admirably executed, drew down the loudest expressions of approval—M. Sainton, the celebrated violinist, who was unanimously encoired in his *Tremolo*, which took the audience fairly by surprise—Mr. F. Chatterton and Mr. Richardson, who, in brilliant and effective fantasias on the harp and flute, sustained their well-merited reputation. The vocalists were in strong force—including Miss Rainforth, who gave with great success, a song from *Maritana*, and Macfarren's pretty and popular duet "The simple mountaineer," efficiently, seconded by the pleasing *mezzo soprano* of Madame Macfarren—Miss Birch, who was encoired with enthusiasm in a charming M.S. cavatina of Frank Romer, which promises, through the exertions of the fair vocalist, to achieve an unusual degree of popularity—Mr. Henry Russell, who, in "I'm afloat," won the boisterous encore invariably awarded it—Mr. Weatherbee, whose fine base voice was exhibited to the greatest advantage in Henry Wylde's expressive song, "The Maiden's Petition"—Mr. Weiss, who sang the noble Anacreontic from Don Quixote in first-rate style—the Misses Williams, who, in Macfarren's "Two Merry Gipsies," charmed all hearers, and were loudly called back to charm then once again—Mrs. Weiss, whose lovely voice told excellently in Macfarren's "Ah! why do we

love?"—Miss Binckes, who gave songs by Benedict and Aspull (her instructor,) with great taste and feeling—Miss Tweedale, pupil of Mr. Aspull, who, in a song by her master, evinced considerable promise—Mrs. Dixon, who was hitherto unknown to us, but sang so pleasingly that we shall not be sorry to hear her again—and last, not least, Madame Macfarren, who, besides the song and duet we have already mentioned, gave the fine old ballad "Sally in our alley," with a simplicity of expression that was charmingly in character. Mr. W. H. Holmes presided as conductor at the grand pianoforte, and accompanied most of the vocal music in his usual admirable style. At the conclusion, to make up for the disappointment of Miss Sara Flower's non-arrival, Mr. Holmes kindly performed a Fantasia of his own composition, in which his fine taste and wonderful mechanism were brilliantly and successfully developed. Mr. Wallace, Mr. Macfarren, and Mr. Aspull accompanied their own compositions. The concert gave general satisfaction, and the good humour that prevailed was by no means diminished by the singing of a Mr. Dassell, who undertook Balfe's "My barque is bounding near," in an unusually low key.

**MR. JARRETT'S CONCERT.**—(From a Correspondent.)—Few concerts have passed off with greater satisfaction to all parties than that which was given on Wednesday evening by the eminent horn player Mr. Jarrett. The bill presented an unusual array of talent, vocal and instrumental. The rooms of the Literary Institution, in Leicester Square, were filled with a numerous and highly respectable audience, and if the plaudits of an audience be any guarantee of its qualification, we may safely venture to assert, that the utmost desires of the beneficeaire were amply realised. Mr. Jarrett's capabilities are too well known to require any testimonials from our pen, but upon such an occasion as the present, we feel bound to give our quota of approbation to his distinguished talents. His performances throughout elicited the utmost manifestations of his auditors. Without an exception, Mr. Jarrett is unrivalled in the command he possesses over his instrument; his execution is faultless, and his taste evinces the judgment of a mind highly endowed with musical feeling. Considering the absurd exclusiveness of the times, we are not at all surprised that Mr. Jarrett comes so seldom before the public. If his modesty arise from any diffidence in his own powers, we can only regret it, as no artist possesses so many claims to the title of a highly-finished performer on the horn as Mr. Jarrett.

**SOCIETY OF BRITISH MUSICIANS.**—A trial of chamber works by the members took place last week. A duet for pianoforte and flute by Charles Horsley, performed by the composer, and Mr. Clinton—a trio by Calkin, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, executed by the composer, Mr. Willy, and Mr. Chipp—and a Pianoforte Sonata by Henry Wylde, entrusted to the care of Mr. F. Bowen Jewson, were the compositions essayed. The trial took place, as usual, at Erat's Harp Saloon.

**THE SEQUENTIAL NOTATION.**—Our readers will perceive by our advertising columns of this week that pianists may speedily have an opportunity of testing the applicability of the sequential notation to the instrument which they profess. The first number of an instruction book for the piano-forte, by Arthur Wallbridge, the inventor of the sequential system, and Henry Lunn, who has so ably advocated it in these columns, is to appear on the first of May. *Laissez aller*, we say—let truth triumph—whether it reside in the "Guidonian," or in the "Sequential," notation.



AUBER's Opera, "*Les Diamans de la Couronne*" will be performed for the first time at Drury Lane on Thursday. Its new title is the "Crown Jewels." Unusual pains have been taken to render it attractive. In addition to a new Scena, which the charming Anna Thillon is said to have brought with her; report speaks most favourably of some new songs by Mr. Brinley Richards, composed expressly for this Theatre.

DUBLIN.—(From our Correspondent.)—The first concert of the twentieth season of the Philharmonic Society, took place on Wednesday, April 1. The vocalists, were Miss Birch, Signor Marras, and Mr. Machin—the instrumentalists, Miss Hughes, (pianoforte,) and Mr. Lidel, (violoncello). Leaders, Messrs. Barton and Levey—conductor, Mr. Henry Russell. There were about twelve hundred persons present. Mendelssohn's A minor symphony commenced the concert, and with the exception of a little unsteadiness in the *scherzo*, went admirably. The orchestra has much improved; and Mr. Henry Russell is a steady and excellent conductor. Miss Birch then gave an air from Donizetti's *Lucia*, which was received with great favor. Miss Birch is an immense favorite with the Dublinites, a fact by no means surprising. Signor Marras, who was new to a Dublin audience, made a visible impression in Bellini's "*Tu Vedrài*." Miss Hughes, in a fantasia by Prudent, proved herself a ready and tasteful pianist—she is a very young artist, and has studied under Osborne and Chopin—she might, however, have selected a more attractive composition than that of Prudent without much difficulty. Mr. Machin sang "*Amid the battle raging*" from Spohr's *Jessonda*, with great energy. Miss Birch and Signor Marras wasted some admirable vocalization on an empty duet from Verdi's *I Lombardi*—and the same vocalists, with the addition of Mr. Machin, were loudly encored in Curschmann's trio, "*Ti prego*." The overture to *Oberon*, capably performed, began the second Act, and was followed by J. L. Hatton's clever song, "*The Syren's invitation*," beautifully rendered by Miss Birch, and encored. A duet of Chopin, for pianoforte and violoncello, admirably interpreted by Miss Hughes and Mr. Liddell, a violoncellist of first-rate ability, created a great sensation, and was unanimously applauded. Mr. Machin won golden opinions in Handel's "*O, ruddier than the cherry*;" and Signor Marras was vociferously encored in "*There is a flower*," from Wallace's *Maritana*. Spontini's overture to *La Vestale*, excellently played by the band, concluded this interesting concert, which conferred much credit on the Philharmonic Committee. The second concert occurred on the 3rd of April. Miss Birch, Signor Marras, and Mr. Machin were, as before, the vocalists, and M. Sain-ton, the celebrated violinist, the instrumentalist. Leaders, Messrs. Barton and Levey—conductor, Mr. Henry Russell. Beethoven's B flat symphony began the concert, and was not only admirably executed, but listened to, from beginning to end, with the greatest attention. Mr. Henry Russell, by his method of conducting, showed his thorough acquaintance with the score of this magnificent composition—which with the exception of the exquisitely plaintive and melodious slow movement, in E flat, is a burst of irresistible animal spirits, from beginning to end. Curschmann's *Terzetto* was repeated, and again encored. Mr. Machin, in "*He layeth the beams*," displayed considerable energy. The violoncellos and basses were too loud in the accompaniments. Signor Marras won immense applause in the "*Fra Poco*," from Donizetti's *Lucia*. M. Sain-ton, who made a great impression here last season, confirmed the high opinion entertained of him. His concerto, a composition of great distinction, was universally admired by

the cognoscenti, and his playing was the theme of general praise. He was, as he deserved, applauded to the echo. The "*Prendi, prendi, per me*," of Donizetti, charmingly sung by Miss Birch, was received with great favor. The first part concluded with Verdi's duet from *I Lombardi*, by Miss Birch and Signor Marras—which, well as it was sung, by no means improved on closer acquaintance. Like Verdi's music generally, it is devoid of melody, deficient of meaning, and badly harmonised—in short, sound without sense. Part II. began with Sterndale Bennett's masterly and graceful overture to "*The Naiads*," the performance of which conferred equal credit on the band and the conductor. It was attentively listened to by the audience and loudly applauded—a proof of their good sense and discrimination. Thus, you see, the Dublin Philharmonic is in advance of the London institution—they can see and profit by the writings of a composer, who, though a native of Great Britain, is No. 2 to nobody of the present day. Macfarren's overture to *Don Quixote* is talked of for the first May concert. Mr. Machin sang Calcott's "*Friend of the brave*" exceedingly well, and M. Sain-ton, in De Beriot's *Tremolo*, won a spontaneous and unanimous encore. Signor Marras, called upon to repeat the *cavatina* from Donizetti's *Favorite*, sang the "*Come e Gentil*," from the *Don Pasquale*, in the place of it. Miss Birch then gave two Scotch melodies, "*Jock of Hazeldean*," and "*I canna like ye, gentle sir*." The latter being encored, the fair vocalist substituted "*Bonny Prince Charlie*," with equal effect. The concert terminated with Reissiger's overture to "*Sibella*." The superiority of the instrumental to the vocal music is very remarkable in these concerts—the reason is obvious—the conductor decides upon the former, while the vocalists are at liberty to choose for themselves, and naturally think more of the applause they may obtain, than the goodness of the music.

GODEFROID, the eminent Belgian harpist, appeared, for the first time this season, at Drury-Lane Theatre, on the occasion of Mr. Benedict's benefit. The house was crammed to excess, and the enthusiasm with which M. Godefroid was received, stamped him at once a favourite with the London public. The piece played by M. Godefroid was *Le Carnaval de Venise*, a *morceau de genre* in the style of Paganini, Sivori, and Ernst. The harp has seldom been put to so severe an ordeal. The enormous difficulties achieved by M. Godefroid were only equalled by the grace and facility with which he accomplished them. His debut was completely successful—the plaudits of the audience were loud and long continued. At the benefit of the inimitable Mrs. Glover, M. Godefroid again astonished and delighted a house crammed to the ceiling. His *Carnaval* was encored with unanimity. Instead of repeating it, however, he substituted the Fantasia on airs from *Der Freischutz*, which gained him so many laurels last season. This was received with equal favour, and M. Godefroid retired amidst zealous and long-continued bravos.

COVENT GARDEN.—On Saturday night, at one of the hybrid *sacred promenade* (?) concerts, given there during the week, we had the greatest pleasure in listening to a bassoon solo performed by our young countryman, Mr. Keating. To a beautiful tone, and a remarkable facility of execution, Mr. Keating adds a graceful style and an expression remarkable for its purity and musician-like quality. He was greatly applauded. We trust to have more frequent occasions of hearing this young and clever artist.

RECENT ARRIVALS.—M. Kellermann, from Copenhagen, solo violoncellist to the King of Denmark. M. Sebold, pupil of

Sechter of Vienna, a contrapuntist; a Canadian by birth, whose intention is to settle in London, where, if he find many pupils in counterpoint, we shall be happy to congratulate him. M. Kühe, a pianist of distinction, who performed last season at Ella's Musical Union; he also intends to settle in London, where there are so very few competent native professors of the pianoforte.

**VIOLONCELLISTS.**—We shall be strong this year in violoncellists—Cosmann, Piatti, and Middle. Christiani, all eminent artists, will visit us this year. We presume they will figure at the Philharmonic, if room can be made for them.

**MIDDLE FRANCESCA RUMMEL**, first singer at the Court of the Duke of Nassau, has arrived in London from Brussels—"The German Press with one voice," says *La Belgique Musicale*, "have pronounced Middle. Rummel a talent of the first order, destined, in futuro, to rival the Sontags, Devrients, and Linds. Her voice, with three octaves of compass, is everywhere equal, and of the *soprano* quality, limpid, silvery, and endowed with all the freshness of youth. She studied long and arduously under Bordogni, at Paris, and Lamberti at Milan." Middle. Rummel, we understand, excels equally in the Italian and German schools of vocalisation, and sings Mozart as readily as Donizetti—a quality which will enhance her value among the English, who are not entirely wedded to the fashionable trifles that obtain at Vienna and Paris. A further account of Middle. Rummel may be read in the letter from our Brussels' Correspondent this week.

**MADAME PLEYEL** will arrive on the 25th inst. She gives a concert at Lille, on the 15th, and will come to London, *via* Antwerp.

**HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.**—On Tuesday we shall have the *Puritani*, and on Thursday the *Don Giovanni*—*chef d'œuvre* of *chef d'œuvres*. Grisi, Lablache and Mario have returned, and will perform in both these operas.

**THE THEATRES.**—Passion week being a dead week, the Theatres have been closed. Monday will be a busy day with all of them.

## Advertisements.

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THOMAS BREWER, Hon. Sec.

## ROYAL SOCIETY OF MUSICIANS.

The Patrons and Friends of this Charity are respectfully informed, that the 108th ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL will be held in the Freemason's Hall, on WEDNESDAY the 15th instant, on the same grand scale as heretofore.

President, the Right Hon. EARL HOWE.

Solo Performers, Mr. Parish Alvars. (Harp), and Mr. Richardson, (Flute).—Tickets, One Guinea each. Dinner on table at Six o'clock precisely.

By order of the Committee.

## SEQUENTIALISM.

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London, April 11th, 1846.

## MUSICAL UNION.

### NOTICE.

THE future MATINEES will take place at Willis's Rooms, St. James's. Amateurs desirous of obtaining nominations from the Committee, to send their names and addresses to 201, Regent street, where all particulars of the Society may be obtained. The annual subscription is one guinea, and a half-a-crown for the synopsis analytique.

J. ELLA, Director.

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#### NOTICE.

The attention of the readers of the "MUSICAL WORLD," is particularly directed to p. 261, No. 32, August 8th, 1844, of this work. Article, "CORRESPONDENCE," signed Z. T. PURDAY  
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I'll ne'er forget thee. (Ditto) ..... 2 6

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